

Lucida Intervalla:

Containing divers

(3) 11.

Miscellaneous Poems,

Written at

Finsbury and Bethlem

BY THE

Doctors Patient

EXTRAORDINARY.

---*semel Insanivimus omnes.*

by *Baron Carcasse.*
L O N D O N,

Printed *Anno Dom.* 1679.

1. *Acid Intoxication*

Causes

1. *Acid Intoxication*

2. *Acid Intoxication*

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5. *Acid Intoxication*

6. *Acid Intoxication*

7. *Acid Intoxication*



TO THE
Kings Majesty.

Great Sir,

BOth in Your Navy, and Gods Church, the Ark,
One Storm pursues the Parson and the Clark:
But now I see the Harbour; on a Rock
Defie the Seas, and Fortunes further Shock:
Kind Providence casts into Your Sacred Armes
The Shipwrackt Man; bids fear no future Storms.
To You, great Noah, me it doth entrust,
That You secure my Bark from Wave and Gust;
For Your Experience hath worse Billows broke,
And dangers greater stemm'd in Royal Oak:
Shew then, by giving me a quiet Station,
Your Thanks to Heaven for Your Preservation;

A

Your

Your *Preservation*, which to *Heaven's* so dear,
 That it works *Miracles* throughout the Year :
 To sum them up, were to recount the *Waves*,
 Or the *Trees Leaves*, where You it kindly saves :
 The foot of the *Account*, is this late *Plot*,
 In cold Blood, *Charles* to *Murder* on the *Spot* ;
 But the *Defender* of our *Faith* and *Hope*,
 Guarded by *Providence*, defies the *Pope* ;
 The *Pope*, and all his *Jesuites*, conspiring ;
 Their own defeat, with *Terrour*, now admiring.
 The Head of *England's Church*, Sate in the *Chair*
 Of *Parliament*, *Rome's Conclave* cannot fear ;
 More safe, than *Pope Infallible*, I'm sure,
 Whom both the *Houses Loves*, not *Walls*, secure
 Th'Embrace when mutual, *Interests* when they
Ignatius will fall by *Loyalist*. (twist



TO THE
D U K E,
 G E N E R A L
 O F T H E
Artillery Ground,

Overlookt by

Finnes-burrough Mad-house,

Where I was Confin'd.

YOur glitt'ring Arms propitiously shine,
 On me made *Prisoner* here by *Hells* design;
 For *Satans* Agents, my *false Friends*, combine
 A Minister to Silence and confine.
 I'm forc'd (though Sober) *Bedlam* to inherit,
 When they, who put me here, the *Prison* merit;
 For they're posselt, not I, by th' *Evil Spirit* :
 Then *Soldiers* send this *Burrough*, Sir, to *Ferret*.

Summon me to *Your Tent*; I'm *Sober, Sound*;
Call me from *Finnes-burrough*, to th' *Artillery*
(*Ground*;

Better be Kill'd, than *Slavery* endure;
Thus the Sword's *Weapon-Salve*, and serves to
Cure:

To this Restraint my Self I can't inure ;
Where you are *General*, in the Field I'm sure.

A *Trick* was plaid me, to requite the *Cheat*,
A *Mad-man* I have *Acted*, as a *Feat*:
Relieve me; hold! my Suit I won't Repeat.
T' a Prince so *Generous*: Muse, found a *Retreat*.

J 6 J

To His Royal Highness.

FROM *Finnes-burrough*, to *Bedlam* I am come,
To be a *Sober man*, not *Act mad Tom*:
My name is *James*, not *Nokes*, and yet an *Actor*;
But now, *Mad Devil*, seek another *Factor*:
I am a Minister of God's holy Word,
Have taken up the *Gown*, laid down the *Sword*;
That of the *Holy Spirit* I must weild,
And Conquer *Satan* in the open Field:
He's the *Strong man*, who must be bound, disarm'd,
And so cast out; by *Preaching* he is Charm'd:
Get thee behind me then, *Dumb Devil*, be gone;
The Lord hath *Epphattha* said to my *Tongue*:
Him I must *Praise*, who open'd hath my *Lips*,
Sent me from *Navy*, to the *Ark*, by *Pepys*;
By *Mr. Pepys*, who hath my *Rival* been
For the *Dukes* favour, more than years *thirteen*:
But I excluded, he *High* and *Fortunate*;
This *Secretary* I could never *Mate*:
But, *Clark of th' Acts*, if I'm a *Parson*, then
I shall prevail; the *Voice* out-does the *Pen*:
Though in a *Gown*, this *Challenge* I may make,
And *Wager* win: save, if you can, your *stake*.
To th' *Admiral* I all submit, and vail
My *Ambition's Topmast*: *Muse*, now furl your *Sail*.

TO THE
D U K E

After my Enlargement.

I'M ready, Sir, t'obey your great *Command*,
 But find it dangerous to Kifs your *Hand*:
 No fooner I this *Honour* had assum'd,
 But *Folly* me, and *Envy* Mad presum'd:
 On me forthwith they laid, with ill intent,
 Their Poison'd *Fangs*, and unto *Finnesbury* sent;
 Where *Dungeon*, *Chains*, and *Phyſick* me did wait,
 My Mad-suppos'd *Ambition* to abate:
 But ne're the leſs She yet ſurvives, nay grown
 Much ſtronger, all Oppoſers has o'rethrown:
 And hoping from ſuch *Enemies* you'l ſave her,
 She's bold to beg, you would repeat the *favour*:
 Yet *Honour* here all *Danger* ſo out-vies,
 She *Finnes-bury*, and *Bedlam* too deſies.

Presented

Presented to the

D U K E

O N

NEW-YEARS-DAY.

L Et all the Birds, pair by pair,
 As well the *Crane*, as the *Stork*,
 Sing and Chatter in the Air,
 God Bless the DUKE of YORK:
 The *Duke* and his *Lady* God bless,
 Let every *Tongue* and *Pen*,
 With Devotion *mickle* express;
 As well the *Maids*, as the *Men*.
 The *Humorous Lieutenant*, he
 So fondly did Love the KING,
 He bought all his Pictures in the City,
 Was not that a pritty thing?

Why,

Why, I am down-right such a stark
 Staring Lover of Royal *JAMES*,
 'Cause he thinks of his *Parson* and *Clark*,
 Among the more Noble Names.
 The Passion's great I discover,
 My affection it such is,
 That you will forgive the *Mad-Lover*,
 If he Rival the very *Dutchess*.
 May the Prince of *Orange* and *Dame*
 Command the *VWhite* and the *Tawny*,
 And extend their *Royal Name*,
 O're the *Delicate* and *Brawny*.
 May they be *Hogan Mogan*,
 When the *Mighty States* are pull'd down;
 And the *Boors*, that drink in a *Nogan*,
 Assist to put on their *Crown*.
 Thus the Poet did Write and Talke,
 At *Bedlam* clad in *Freeze*;
 Where his Pen and Ink, it was *Chalk*;
Boards, Paper; and Diet, *Cheese*.

THE
Poetical History
OF
Finnesbury Mad-house.

THE Dr--- of *Finnesbury-House*
Knows, how to dissect an *Oyster*;
Whether *Man*, no more than a *Mouse*,
Be fit for *Bedlam*, or *Cloyster*.
I'll tell you his way of Proceeding,
All you, that here shall enter;
Purges, *Vomits*, and *Bleeding*,
Are his method of Cure, at a Venture.
By the way you must know, this *Else*
Both *Bedlams* does haunt, like the *Louse*;
And sways, as *Chair-man* himself,
Both upper and lower *House*.

Let him therefore be trusted by none,
 But Fools, that are Fortunes *Minions* ;
 For, to Rule both these Houses alone,
 Is to halt between two *Opinions*.

Mrs. *Bish*--- then shut up your Shop,
 And another *Diocess* get ;

Bid adieu to the *Mad* and the *Fop*,
 No *Fish* are for *Finnesbury* Net.

To this *Colledge* was brought by force,
 A *Parson*, that shall be nameless ;

The *Doctor*, he takes the same Course,
 Though the Man be sober and blameless :

For he, both *Fool* and *Physitian*,
 At all no difference made,

Betwixt a *Senseless* condition,
 And *Madness* in *Masquerade*.

He Reports to the KING and the Court,
 That *Learning* had made the Man *Mad* :

To observe, was the *Patient's* sport,
 How little the *Doctor* had.

This *Parson*, he tore his *Garment*,
 Then *Mad* he was concluded;
 Hold, *Good Sir*, there's no harm in't,
 Your *Senses* are deluded:
 You for your *Mad Meeting-House* stickle,
 And publick *Bedlam* cry down;
 But I pray, in a *Conventicle*,
 Who *Sober* would wear a *Gown*?
 Oh but, *Parson*, you break the *Wall*,
 And *Burglary* you commit;
 If I must not this *Madness* call,
 I am sure, 'tis want of Wit.
Religio Medici's left in the lurch;
 He knows not *Good* from *Evil*:
 For surely, the way to Build up the *Church*,
 Is to pull down the *Chappel* o'th' *Devil*.
 Then throw the *House* out at *Window*,
 And lay it flat with the *Ground*;
 For undoubtedly they *Sin* do,
 That keep it another *Year* round.

The *Doctor* his *Argument* urges;
 This *Parson* must needs be *Mad*,
 For on him, neither *Vomits* nor *Purges*,
 Any Influence have had.
 Fond *Doctor*, you beg the *Question*,
 And you might have spar'd your pains;
 For my *Blood's* from a good digestion,
 And your *Physick* is lost in my *Veins*.
 Nay, I prescrib'd Chains of *Iron*,
 To take him off of his Mettle;
 But *Brass* did him environ,
 He had rub'd his Face with a *Kettle*.
 My *Fetters* they were but *Straw*,
 To the Sinews of his Armes;
 And he burst Bars and *Dcors*, as I saw,
 By I know not what mighty *Charmes*.
 Moreover I him in the *Hole*,
 As under a Bushel, confin'd;
 Lest God's Word, the Light of the Soul,
 In my Mad-house should have Shin'd :
 Ne're

Ne're the less into the *Dungeon*,
 He let in the *Rayes* of the *Sun*,
 And i'th' *Pit*, where him I did plunge in,
 Made *Night* and *Day* meet in one.
 In a place I did him stow,
 Where *Rats* and *Mice* do swarm;
 These by *Instinct* the *Madmen* know,
 And therefore do them no harm.
 Now as *Weasel*, *Squirrel*, and *Ermine*
 Are, then *Rats* of a higher strain;
Rats and *Mice*, the nobler *Vermine*,
 Might awe the *Worm* in his *Brain*.
 Yet he fear'd, lest the *Rats* and *Mice*,
 Of his *Senses* should bereave him;
 Therefore I taking good advice,
 Sent *Catmore* in to *Relieve* him.
 I laid him in *Straw* for a *Bed*,
 Lest *Feathers* should make him *light-headed*;
 That there his wild *Oats* he might shed,
 And again to his *Wits* be wedded.

Without

Without either *Shirt*, or *Cloaths*,
 I lodg'd my merry Mad Youth;
 For of *Kin* we may well suppose,
 The *Sober* to *Naked-Truth*.
 His *Diet* was most of it *Milk*,
 To reduce him again to a *Child*;
 And *Butter* as soft as *Silk*,
 To smoothe the *Fierce* and the *Wild*.
 My *Potions* he turn'd into *Drenches*,
 For he freely would take ne're a jot;
 But by *Thomas* and the *Wenches*,
 They were forced down his *Throat*.
 To feel his *Pulse*, I never thought;
 In a Month I see him but once:
 And how my Mad *Physick* has wrought,
 If I know in the least I'm a *Dunce*.
 For, in *Truth* and sober sadness,
 This *Parson* I found so smart,
 That I fear'd his *Wit*, more than his *madness*,
 The *March-Hare* I never dare start.

My Chirurgeon he fiercely withstood,
 And he led him such a Dance;
 That to let this same Gown-man *Blood*,
 A *Sword* was more fit than a *Lance*.
 I order'd his *Keeper*, at Large,
 On occasion to ply him with Blows,
 That what *Jugular* did not discharge,
 The mad *Blood* might come out at his *Nose*.
 Enough: *Doc* has done his Endeavour,
 It must be confest, though a weak one;
 His Wits gather *Wool* for a *Beaver*,
 But he's no *Fool* to speak on.
 However, I'll *Sue* out his *Pardon*,
 The man's not so much to be blam'd;
 For to make a *Swan* white is unheard on,
 And *Sobriety* never was tam'd.
 Then pray all, the *mad-Devil* ne're touch you,
 Nor yet the *Cholick* or *Tissick*;
 Pray, MUFTI and MAMAMOUCHI,
 Mr. *Parson* and *Doctor* of *Physick*.

His

His Apology.

Doct̃or, you must, where I severely Gibe,
 To my Poetick Fury, Gall ascribe ;
 And Pardon, that I make in this New Trance,
 Among your Rats and Mice, my Satyre Dance.

*Quod medicum mordace tuum mea Carmina vellant
 Dente, tuus Vati donet, Apollo, furor :
 Nec Mures inter, poterit culpare Machaon,
 Si Satyram jubeat jungere Musa Choros.*

On his being Seiz'd on for a Mad-
man, only for having endeavoured
to reduce Dissenters unto the
C H U R C H.

W H E N Zeal for *God* inspires the *Breast*,
Says the *Blind world*, the *Man's posselt*;
And flattering their own cold desire,
Call *Lunacy*, the *Heavenly Fire*:
But though their *Eyes* are by the *Flame*
So dastled, they mistake the *Name*;
Know, that 'twas born with *Christ* at first
in *Bethlehem*, and at *Bedlam* Nurst.

To *God* the *Father*, and the *Son*,
And *Holy Spirit*, three in one,
By *Men* and *Angels*, be there given
All *Glory*, both in *Earth* and *Heaven*.

C

The

On the late Horrid Plot.

OF this late *Hellish, Damnable*, and (to joyn
 Both in one word) *Papistical Design*,
 What *Purgatory* can wash out the *Spot*?
 It *shames*, and even blows up the *Powder-Plot*:
 We therefore hope, it is the last effort
 Of *Popery*, dying in *City* and in *Court*;
 And in this juncture that She times her end
 The Martyr *Godfrey's* Funeral to attend:
Fanaticism too (which kept her *Ground*,
 By *Popish Policy*) dies o'th' self-same *Wound*:
 Thus *Martyrs Blood*, of old the *Churches Seed*,
 In *Corn* grown up, kills every noisom *Weed*:
 May then the *Church of England*, spight of *Rome*
 Receive new *Life* and *Vigour* from his *Tomb*
 And *Conquering* the joynt force of *Her* and *He*
 To *Catholick Christian World* with *Triumph* tell
Infallibility is her self mistaken,
 And treacherous *Peter* now by *Christ* forsake



The Cross Match.

When *Abigail*, by mistake, had *Layman Married*,
 In *State Affairs*, 'twas seen, he oft miscarried;
 Yet a long time *Nub's* Spouse put on no *Gown*,
 But *Hector'd* it, with *Sword* and *Muff*, in *Town*:
 Convinc'd at last, though *Poets* him made a

(Farce on,

He'd turn his *Coat*, that *Nab* might have her

(Parson:

This done, her *Mar-text* she suppos'd she had,
 And, when he talk'd of *Preaching*, thought him

(Mad:

Down to the *Conventicle* brisk he goes,
 Resolv'd to Rout the *Church* of *Englands* Foes:
 But words were th' only *Weapons* of his *War*;
Love and *Zeal* led the *Van*; no *Wound* or *Scar*

From such a *Skirmish* fear; none *Blood* can lose,
 Where *Church* is nam'd for common *Rendezvous*;
 Where *Peace* alone is aim'd at, not a *Fight*,
 Both sides to *Yield*, and *Forces* Re-unite:
 That *England* may for *Cæsars* Triumphs hope
 A late *Revenge* on *Rome*, by Conquer'd *Pope*.
 But th' *Enemy*, to frustrate this *Design*,
 Contrive *Nab's* Spouse to silence and confine:
 This *Trumpeter's* Horn-mad they strait give out,
 And making *Nab* o'th' *Plot*, her *Martext*. rout:
 To *Mad-Quack*, all agreed, they him commit,
 By *Hellebore* to restore his ne're lost Wit.
Quack hugs himself with the conceit, secure,
 He should great credit get, by *Parson's* Cure:
 To work he goes; *Proclaims* him Mad at *Court*,
 And spreads the *Noise*, to make the *City* sport:
 Then half a year the *Patient* keeps in hand
 (A *Chirurgeon's* Son he is, pray, understand)
 But now observe how basely *Doc's* defeated,
 And for *Mad-Parson* with a *Poet* cheated;

By whom *Lampoon'd*, mad-*Quack* is forc'd to say,
Madness and *Wit* act one part in the *Play*:
 And thus these three, *Fanatick*, *Wife*, and *Doctor*,
 In *Bedlam* me to keep, make up the *Proctor*.

Jackstraws Progress.

When *Publican*, in *Pharisees* old house,
 Shut doors on me, and *Finnesbury* Mad Louse;
 With *Arms* in sleeve of *Gown* redoubled stroke,
 To open *Bedlam-gates*, I windows broke:
 Then in my Charet Triumphant Rode away,
 As well assur'd that I had got the day;
 That this had storm'd the *Castle* call'd *Jackstraws*,
Arch-Traytor unto *Reason* and her *Laws*.
 'Tis nam'd from *Bethlehem*, now possess'd by *Turk*;
 Therefore in's way the Priest of *Englands Kirk*
 Takes *Coffee-House*; where drinks a sober dish,
 Goes thence to *President*, then to *Porter Pish*:

But

But to avoid suspicion of all force,
 This, moving towards my *Palace*, was my *course*.
 Their *violent hands* I quitted, who *approacht* me,
 With their *officious rudeness* to have *Coach'd* me.
 Alone a *Volunteere* I Rode along,
 Prince like, attended with a *Lacquay* throng:
 The *Metaphor* to pursue, as I did pass,
 I arm'd my hands in *Coach* with *broken Glass*;
Threatning the *Slaves*, which waited on my *wheel*,
That if they touch'd me, they should find 'twas *steel*.
 Th' *affrighted multitude* observe their *distance*,
 Without their *help* I enter, or my *resistance*:
 But the great *Tumult*, and such solemn state,
 Amus'd the Officers of *Bedlam-Gate*:
 So well I *Acted*, that they did not stick,
 Me to receive as their *Arch-Lunatick*:
 Madder than *Prince* o'th' *East*, that *Jack a dandy*
 Out-huffing both *Nolls Porter*, *King*, & *Land*
 Their *Emperor* they conduct to his *Bed-chamber*
 And lodge his *Majesty* in *Straw*, like *Amber*.

Nex

Next day, tho *Mad* concluded, yet *Jackstraw*
 By which to *Rule*, publiſht this ſober *Law* :
Porter and *Keepers*, look to't, be you *Civil*,
 The *Parſon* then will *Conjure* down *Mad-Devil* ;
 But as a *Madman* if you him entreat,
 All *Bedlam* he'l out-do by many a feat :
 Maugre this *charge*, the *ſelf-will'd Slaves Rebel*,
 And *Bedlam* make with *chains* and *darkneſs*, *Hell* :
 Here *Helliſh Phyſick Quack* down my *Throat* does pour,
 The foam of *Styx*, and *Acherons* black ſhoar ;
 Adminiſtred by ſecond *Cerberus*,
Matthews and *Keepers* here which govern us :
 Only in this the juſt reſemblance fails,
Hells Porter has three *heads*, but ours three *tails* ;
 Of which are fierce, the two from *York & Wales* ;
 On third, 'cauſe 't has no *ſting*, the *Monster* rails :
 All the *three tails* have *head*, and *tongue* their own,
 But *two* wag only, and on their *Maſter* fawn.
 Hold ! *Verſe* grows *Monſtrous* too, and they the *nail*
 Muſt hit, that ſay, 't has neither *Head* nor *Tail*.

Nullum

*Nullum Magnum Ingenium (absit verbo invidia)
sine mixturâ dementiæ.*

It goes for *current truth*, that ever some *madness*
Attends much Wit, 'tis *strange in sober sadness*:
But now this Riddle I'll explain, Sir *Quack*;
And pray suppose I do it for your sake.
Within the *Banks* Wit flows with *Moderation*,
But *Pride* a deluge makes and *Inundation*:
This with the *world*, know, is your *common case*;
And that with *Pride*, *Envy* keeps equal pace:
Hence they are call'd, by *Plot* of *poor* and *rich*,
Madmen, whose wit's above the *standard pitch*:
This makes a *Carcase* with an *Eagles Eye*,
Be thought a *Fit-for-Bedlam Prodigy*.
But sure, when *Friends* & you me *Mad* concluded,
'Twas you your *senses* lost, by th' *Moon deluded*:
Then take advice; with *Physick*, of *Apollo*
Pray ask more Wit, and 'twill in *reason* follow;
You'll think me fit, cure but your self o'th' *Fool*,
Not only you to *Lasb*, but *Boys at School*.

The

T H E

Duke of Grafton,

Looking into his Cloyster,

And kindly asking him;

How he did.

When *Graftons* Duke to *Bedlam* came,
 The Sober Walls resound his Name;
 The *Echo* charms the *Evil Spirits*,
 And the *Mad Devil* dis-inherits:
 Thus (as from the Poets you know)
 To *Pluto's Court* descending *Juno*,
 To ev'ry *Fiend* new pleasure yields,
 And *Hell* turns to *Elysian Fields*:
 When to my *Cell* his *Grace* drew near,
 And kindly me saluted there;
 An Angel seem'd to bring Advice,
 And *Moorfields* strait were *Paradise*:

D

He

He once withdrawn, that very Even
 Vanish'd the New-created Heaven;
Bedlam came to it self, and I
 Fell from my pleasing Extasie.
 My loss fit to Repair, what is it?
 If Deputy Angels here me Visit:
 My Soul, on such Wings if you mount her,
 Will save my Carcase from the Counter:
 But I my Prison must change i'th' end,
 Unless such *Guardians* you me send.

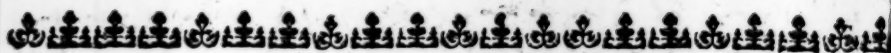
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 V

The Doctors Advice.

PArson, leave off the *Poet* and *Lampoon*,
 You'l *Sober* be, and may defie the *Moon*:
 This seems at first mysterious *Paradox*,
 But I will prove't, as round as *Juglers Box*.
Phæbus and *Luna*, Sister are and Brother,
 And understand for certain one another:
 I, of their *Privy-Council*, as a *Doctor*,
 Tell you your *Case* without a *Fee* or *Proctor*:
 Unless the *Moon* assist him, I well know it,
Apollo never singly made a *Poet*.
 Then *Wit* forswear, and like me prove but *Dunce*;
 The *Sun* and *Moon* will quit you both at once.

The Patient Replies.

Faith, *Doctor*, what you say, is very prity;
 I ne're before (nor now) thought you so witty:
 But if't be thus, your *Phys*: I'll spill o'th' ground,
 Vomit up *Helicon*, and then I'm sound.



The New Distinction.

TWO sorts of Patients *Quack* in *Bedlam* has
 The one, that *witty* is; t'other, that was
Mad both: in *frost* and *snow* hence *Pot* does come
 To cool hot *Lunatiques*, and Wits benumme.
 By contraries to Cure, thus *Doc* takes pains,
 Our much, *with different heat*, distemper'd brains.
 But howso'ere the *Moon* he may controll,
 By *Muses* he's defy'd, and by their *Droll*.
 'Tis true for want of Fire, as if grown old,
 My joynts are stiff, and I'm oppress'd with cold
 But influence of *Apollo* still is strong,
 My *Satyr* brisk, lively my *Muse* and Song.
 You that should *Fury* cure, and *Poet* save,
 Are sending Post your Patient to the Grave:
 For he (not frighted out of's Wits by *Physick*
 To your new Madness, *Palſie* adds and *Tiffick*

AN

An Inscription

To Madam Frazer,

When he sent her some of his Verses.

YOur Father is *Alexander*,
 And You his *World-Conquering* Daughter
 (See the difference 'twixt Him and Her)
 By Beauty, and not by Slaughter.
 Among the rest, on your Charet,
 Your Captive *Poet* does wait;
 And in asking if he don't Mar it,
 Expects from you a kind Fate.
 I have sent you the Copies of Verses,
 Presented by me to the *Duke*;
 They are fit for the micklest of Herfes,
 I'll swear it upon a Buke.
 If then you will make him but Witty,
 By encouraging the *Poet*;
 Your Praises he'll Sing in the City,
 And the Conquer'd World shall know it.

Pro

Pronounc'd at the taking of a
V O M I T.

SUre the *Stars* raign not now, but some dire (Comet
Sends *Mad-quack* to me with this *Poison'd Vomit*;
But thanks to *Apollo*, who is on my side,
And hath with *Antidote* me fortify'd:
He hath not yet forgot, since *Python* fell
By his sure hand, all *Poison* to expel.
Then *Mitbridates* like, if not secur'd,
By being to its mischief long inur'd:
T'elude the needles *Physicks* ill effect,
Purges and *Vomits*, *Helicon* shall correct.

A Dose for the Doctor.


----*facit indignatio versum.*

SO little *Wit*, so much of *Pblegm* and *Rheume*
 Our *Mad-Quack* has, that I may well presume
 Hither as *Patient* he'l ne're be prefer'd,
 To fill the number of the *Madmens* Herd:
 Who e're is *Mad*, he first had *Wit* to lose;
 Betwixt *Fool* and *Physitian* wink and chuse.
 Was ever Man of Sense so great a *Sot*,
 In half a year, not to smell out the *Plot*?
 (By's leave I here shall call a *spade* a *spade*)
 You *Sot*, I say, don't you know *Mascarade*
 From down-right *Madness*? I, the *scorn* & *sport*
 Will make you, e're I've done of *Cit* and *Court*.
 Blush for your folly, *Fop*, or timely say,
 Revenge for my *Lampoons* has made the *Play*:
 Not? then pray judge, if he, whom want of wit
 Excludes from *Patient* here, be *Doctor* fit.

But don't I *Dream*, and all this while am slave,
 Not to a *Fool*, but a designing *Knave*?
 Who either thinks the *Sober* too to tame,
 And Cure of *Madness* to advance his *Fame*;
 Or, snips with *Pot*, does *Bedlam* make for chink;
 The *Ditch* o're which 'tis Built with *Phys* t'out-stink.
 And thus, for ought I know, my Doctor A-
 May, without Poetry, prove Doctor K-

The Riddle.

DOctor, this Puffling *Riddle* pray explain;
 Others your *Physick* cures, but I complain
 It works with me the clean contrary way,
 And makes me *Poet*, who are *Mad* they say.
 The truth on't is, my *Brains* well fixt condition
Apollo better knows, than his *Physitian*:
 'Tis *Quacks* disease, not mine, my *Poetry*
 By the blind *Moon-Calf*, took for *Lunacy*.



P R E S E N T E D

T O H E R

G R A C E,

T H E

D U C H E S S E of P O R T S M O U T H.

THe Gauls first Conquer'd, to make up the sum
 Of Beauties Triumphs, you to Britaine come;
 Where all admiring Your Triumphant Face,
 Do with amazed Eyes your Victory grace.
 You them survey unmov'd, as is the Center;
 But none, to make *attaque* on you, dare venture:
 Till Charles, like *Cesar*, you o'recame at sigh,
 And all Your charming forces put to flight.
Monfieur will now in vain to *England* dance;
 This *Conquest* does renew our claim to *France*.

E

HIS

H I S

Rule of Behaviour:

If you are Civil,
I am Sober.

POrter and Keepers, when they're Civil
They charm in me the *Madmens* Devil;
The Roaring *Lyon* turns to *Lamb*,
Lies down and couches wondrous Tame:
For though at *Bedlam* Wits ebb and flow,
As wandring Stars move swift or flow;
My Brains not rul'd by the Pale Moon,
Nor keep the Sphears my Soul in Tune;
But she observes, and changes notes
With th' *Azure* of Sky-coulour'd Coats.

Ad Apollinem Poeseos & Medicinæ Præsidem.

J Am Furor Humanos nostro de Pectore sensus
Expulit, & numen sentio, Phœbe, tuum :
Cede, Soror, Fratri; cum vellit Cynthius Aurem,
Quid mihi cum vestris, Pallida Luna, Rotis?
Carmina de Cælo possunt deducere Lunam;
Parce, Pater, Medicas frustra adhibere manus.

Poet no Lunatick.

W Hat's mortal Phœbus chafing, does inspire
My breast with breath of a diviner fire:
Yield Luna to your Brothers more powerful rays;
My Muse her Father first, not Aunt, obeys.
Apollo may spare his other Art; no fear,
His Poetry alone can rule thy Sphear.
When Priests of Delphi, and Parnassus Hill,
With Oracle or Verse, the God doth fill;

Prophets and Poets Mad are (in a sense)
 And Sober grow, as they their gift dispense
 One vents his Rage by words in open Air,
 By Ink on Paper He drops his with care.
 Physitian, *heal thy self*, we say; but know it,
 In earnest said to the Self-curing Poet.

To a Tinmans Wife, Visiting him when
 he lay in Chains.

Mistress, the Chains on me which you put on
 When first I saw you, are outdone by none:
 They are the strongest, but they need no foil
 They're all pure *Gold*, and *Bracelets* them I call
 Another obligation of *Tinne*,
 Your Husband me designs to Shackle in;
Iron locks my Leg fast: thus a treble chain
 Me *different* pleasure gives, and *different* pain
 Relieve in part; for me too close environ,
 And heavy are, your *Gold*, his *Tin*, my *Iron*.

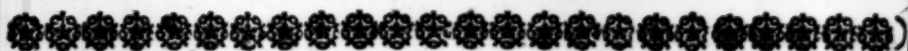
Ad Medicum de præscripto Vomitu.

R *Vctantis Vomitum quicunq; relambit Homerī,
Castalias frustra, jam Satur, haurit aquas:
Inde Poetarum nata est numerosa Propago,
Ingenio quorum vivit, & ore Pater.
Si mihi contingat similis Fortuna Vomentī,
Nonnè manet Medicum, Funis, Apollo, tuum?*

To Mr. Doctor, on his giving him
A V O M I T.

What Homer our Great Grandfather did Vomit,
We licking up, turn sucking Poets from it:
Doctor, if this be my Fate, when I Spue,
That Lapping Curs rise, all Lampooning you;
Your Physick you must save, and past all hope,
With Crocus Metallorum buy a Rope.

To



To the Worshipful
Sir William Turner,
 President of the Hospital of *Bethlem.*

ITwo new *Purgatories* have of late *discover'd*;
 And from 'em both, *thank God*, I am *recover'd*:
 One *Finnesbury*, the other *Bedlam* nam'd;
 Whether successively me to be Tam'd,
 My Shrewish Wife and her Relations send:
 But I grown fiercer, cheat 'em of their End.
 Each with this *difference* shews a *Middle State*;
 To *Hell* that's nearer, this to *Heavens Gate*:
 Would we the reason of this difference know?
 Sure from our *President* it needs must flow:
Judges all three in him their Vertues joyned;
 There singly governs *Bishop Proserpine*.

The

THE

Patients Advice

TO THE

DOCTOR.

SAYS He, who more *Wit* than the *Doctor* had,
 Oppression will make a wise man Mad;
 One in his senses, fierce, untame, and vext,
 Means *Solomon* the Preacher in the Text:
 Therefore, *Religio Medici* (do you mind?)
 This is not Lunacy in any kind:
 But naturally flow hence (as I do think)
 Poetick Rage, sharp Pen, and Gall in Ink.
 A sober Man, pray, what can more oppress,
 Then force by Mad-mens usage to confess
 Himself for Mad? Reduc'd to this condition,
 He may defie the Rack and Inquisition.
 Beyond all *darkness*, *chains*, and *keepers* blows,
 Sir *Madquack*, is the *Physick* you impose;
 Threat

Threatning, because my *Satyres* frisk & dance,
With *Purge* and *Vomit* them to tame and *Lance*.
Quack, you're deceiv'd; thus lies the *argument*;
One God (the *Antients* say) is *President*
Of *Poetry* and *Medicine* too; one Father
Of *Esculapius*, and the *Nine* together:
If Verses then can't *Doctors Bills* defie,
And *Helicon* all *Potions* else out-vie;
If Poets are not *Physick* proof, *Apollo*
At War is with himself, 'twill plainly follow:
But *Phæbus* holds the Scale with equal hand,
And does, to keep his *own bounds*, each *command*.
Hence *Poets*, when *Quack* dares *Physick* in their
(rage,
They vent more sharply choler on the Stage:
Poison, the Body only does torment;
This strangely makes the very Soul ferment.
Let me prescribe then; *Phys* withdraw, & soon
You'l my *new Madness* cure, you call *Lampoon*.

Presented

Presented to His Grace the

Duke of Monmouth.

THough *Pegasus* does willingly obey
 My *Fancy's rains*, and rul'd is in the way
 To *Muses Hill*; yet cannot I perswade him,
 To draw a *Charet*; that's a *Task* will *Jade* him:
 Horfes there are, Sir, in your *Royal Stable*,
 More than *Poetically* for it able:
 A pair give to your *Poet*, and he'l pray,
 That *Fortunes Wheel* may ever you obey;
 That on your *Charet* *Captive Slaves* may wait,
 And *French King* Chain'd, expect from you his Fate.

On Report of the Duke of Monmouth coming
 to see the Place.

To *Bedlam* when the *General* came from *Flanders*,
Fools-Cap & *Mad-Cap* were *Casbier'd* *Commanders*:
 Each a considering *Monmouth-Cap* did put on;
 Turn'd *Grave* and *Wise*, as *Hospital* of *Sutton*.

F

Ad

Ad Medicum, se ab oculis omnium
removeri, jubentem.

*Clauserat obscuro càm me Medicafter in Antro,
Luce novâ Tenebras ecce Puella fugat!
Formosò Angustas extendit lumine Rimas:
I nunc, & Solem, Doctor inepte, nega.*

On the Ladies looking into his Cell.

When Doctor Mad-Quack me i'th' Dark had put,
And a close Prisoner in my Cloyster shut;
A Lady chanc'd peep in, whose Beauty bright
Enlarg'd the crannies, and let in new light:
Quack, I'm now pleas'd, without the Sun, confin'd;
See how he *Blushes*, by my *Star*, out-shin'd.

To a Lady, who was very kind to
him in the place.

MAdam, when first your *Beauty* shin'd
Into my *Cell*, on me confin'd,
I grew in Love with my dark *Cloyster*;
Slighted (poor and hungry) *Pearl* and *Oyster*:
The *Apricotts* which you me threw,
The thoughts of *Paradise* renew;
In *Edens* Garden sure they grew,
Transplanted to *Moorfields* by you.
You gave me *Silver*; whence I hold,
I ought not to Envy *Danae's* Gold;
For though on her *Jove* rain'd a Shower,
Twant real, but *Poetick* Oar.
You me with *Paper*, *Pen*, and *Ink*,
Madam, supply'd, as well as Chink;
This my *Muse* studies to requite
In part, to you when she does Write.

Your Charity sent me a *Shirt*, each thread
Whereof, to you me fast does Wed;
And thus from your extended hand,
The *Shirt* in mine, turns to a *Band*.

At Night in *Straw*, Lying a long,
To th' *Oaten Pipes* this was my *Song*.

To a Friend that sent him a Box.

THUS as I lie, I Fancy I'm *Jack-straw*,
And to *Rebellious Bedlam* give the *Law*;
Yet though a Prince, so low my *Fortune's* sunk,
That I do want, which you supply, the *Trunk*:
And for my *Verses* writ on *Apricocks*,
You kindly make *Jack-straw*, *Jack-in-a-Box*.

To another sending him a Chair.

We *Greet* you well, and as well 'tis resented,
That you *Jackstraw* with *Chair of State* presented:
But we shall yet be more considerable,
If your Companion *Carpet* send or *Table*.

4 Bethlehemite in Bedlam, one of the small Prophets, and a minor Poet to the Lady Sheriffesse Beckford, Mrs Catherine Heywood, and Mrs Johnson, requesting them to make his Cloyster fit for their Reception, and then to allow him the Honour to kiss their hands, in the too close embraces of his Prison.

YOU three Graces, and Nine Muses are a Jury;
 Do these agree, mine's fit for Bedlam fury?
 No; nor am I Mad, but with design for certain:
 Acting the Part, my Name-sake's not Sir Martin.
 The Bedlam Quack, dissector of an Oyster,
 Me as his Patient, Phyicks in this Cloyster:
 I sleep in Stubble, where I'm bid to Sow
 My wilder Oats (may Ceres speed the Plough)
 There as I lie, I second am Jack-straw,
 And all the Bedlamites do over-awe:
 Fair Ladies, you the Posse Comitatus, (us.
 With Beauties force, can quell the Slaves that hate
 But

But pray hence forward see, I lie in *Feather* ;
 With *Quils pickt out*, I'll praise all *three* together:
 To this the *Poet* better you'll enable,
 If his dark *Cell* you hang with brighter *Sable* ;
 And when your *goodness* hath prepar'd the place,
 Come challenge here the *Glory* of your *Grace*.

To the same.

By *Vertue's Temple*, Honour's you approach,
 And from this *Cloyster* go I to a *Coach* :
 In lieu of hanging *It*, since I am well,
 A *Charet* give, to take me from my *Cell* :
 In windy *Nights* my *House* both *rocks* and *reels* ;
 Then *Scythian-like*, you'll *Build* me one on *wheels* :
 Each of the *Ladies* may, by your connivance,
 Bestow a *Horse* ; for this is the contrivance,
 That *People*, seeing me ride, may call these forces,
 The *Posse Comitatus* *Coach* and *Horses*.

On



O N

Madam Gwyn's

Saying of Her Self,

She was the only Protestant Mistress.

I Sing a Ladies Praise, whose true Religion,
 Rome's Eagle does defy, & Mahomet's Pidgeon:
 Pens, that can't here exceed an *Enchiridion*,
 Come not from *Pegasus*, but a *senseless Widgeon*.
 She's true to *Church of England*, and its King,
 A subject fit for dying *Swans* to Sing;
 To be writ with *Quils* pluckt from an *Angels wing*,
 Her *Beauty's* so *Celestial* a thing.
 When for the *Curtain*, she the *Stage* did change,
Cum Privilegio 'twas, *Roger l' Estrange*:
 The *Mystery's* not easily reveal'd;
Contents must guest at be, when *Letter's Seal'd*:

This,

This is in part the Case; Unto St. Helen
 A Church there's Consecrate, and rul'd by Pelling
 She sure must be that Saint: who can disprove it
 To her Greek Name-sake sure you won't remove it
 If then the true Church Catholick she own,
 And Christians to her Shrine vow That of Stone,
 A double Claim she to the Title hath
 Of Mistress, to Defender of the Faith.

Tw

T O

Mr. Stackhouse,

Presenting me with a

P E R I W I G.

OUr Souls, into a Mansion-House of Clay,
 Are thrust by *Heaven*, there, *while we live*, to stay:
 Therefore I must, from what you me present,
 You *Thatch-house* call of *Jackstraws* Tenement:
 I did it want, e're since my coming hither,
 My upper Room to *Skreen* from *wind & weather*:
 (harm,
 For though I'm thought *hot-headed*, I find no
 In keeping with your gift my *Noddle* warm:
 I thank you then, to dance my *Bedlam Gigg*,
 For furnishing *Hair-brain* with *Huffing-Wigg*;
 And pay you for't the current *Coin*, he uses,
 These curled locks and tresses of the *Muses*.

G

Poets

Poets are Mad.

IN *Bedlam*, best of Univerfities,
 The *Poet*, not the *Parfon*, takes degrees:
 Among the common *Herd* at first he's enter'd,
 After into a Room, with windows ventur'd:
 That *Sermons* may not want a *Psalm*, the *Droll*
 Lives fitly with *Nolls Porter*, *Cheek by Jowl*:
 One end *Musitian Thamar*, thought the milder
 T'other extreme *Poet* takes up, that's wilder;
 For his *Wits rampant*, and 'tis *Mad-quacks* pleasur
 To fay, his *Madness* hath no other measure:
 Nay, to the *Governors* this *Fool* declares,
 Him fit for *Bedlam*, 'till he *Wit* forswears.
Poets and *Players*, now pack up your *Awls*,
 To *Bedlam* you aloud, *Fop Mad-Quack* calls;
 And 'till he cures you of *Poetick Rage*,
 Our *Galleries* you must fill, quit *Pit* and *Stage*

On the Doctors telling him, that 'till he left off making
Verses, he was not fit to be discharg'd.

Desiring his Imprison'd Muse to enlarge,
The Poet, Mad-quack mov'd, for his discharge.
He angry answer'd, Parson, 'tis too soon,
As yet I have not Cur'd you of Lampoon;
For know, New Bedlam, chiefly for th' infected
With this new fort of Madness, was erected:
Bucks both and Rochester, unless they mend,
Hither the King designs forthwith to send:
Shepherd and Dreyden too, must on 'em wait;
For he's resolv'd at once to rid the State,
Of this Poetick, Wanton, Mad-like Tribe,
Whose Rampant Muse does Court and City Gibe.
Thus Bedlam may be cur'd perchance, if 't hits,
After despair of Physick, by the Wits.
The answer pleas'd; yet I have cause to fear,
The Doctor flatter'd, as 'tis usual here;
But if my Brethren come, I've learnt this Lesson,
In such good Company, Bedlam is no Prison.

On the Doctors letting him Blood.

DOctor, my *Rhymes* on you which do reflect,
 Know, of *Poetick fury* are th'effect;
 To let me *Blood* then, you're but *Fool* in grain,
 Unless your *Lance* prick my *Poetick Vein*:
 No longer now, for shame, pretend the *Moon*,
 For *Phæbus* rules my *Madness* and *Lampoon*.

The Mistake.

TH'Occasion of this Error, who can tell?
 I *Bedlam* Heaven thought, but find it Hell:
 Darkness and Chains are here, and Porter too
 Of *Pluto's Court*; for without more ado,
Mathews the Body; *three Keepers*, *three Heads* mate,
 And *Cerberus* make up at *Bedlam-Gate*:
 Here I must treated be like, *Mad* and *Fop*,
 'Till to the *Monster* I can give a *Sop*.

Made the 13. of *November*,

Being a Fast-Day

On Account of the Plot.

(with *Thunder*,

WHen *Heavens Frown*, and *Clouds* now big
Direct the fatal *Bolt*; I can't but wonder
We charge the Storm on *Jesuite* and *Pope*,
And fondly threaten *Tyburn* and the *Rope*:
Just as when *Tempest* in the *Seas* did rise,
And *Neptune* tost both *Ships* and them to *Skies*;
The huffing *Xerxes* laisht the *Winds* in vain,
And order'd *Waves* to fetter with a *Chain*.
The God of *Heaven* knows, our *sins*, our *sins*
Hatch all the *mischief*; there the *Plot* begins:
As they encrease, the blackness from a hand,
Darkens the Sphear by the *Almighty* span'd:
Wash

Wash them away but with *Repentant Tears*,
 Such *flowing Streams* an *Ebb* make in our fears.
 What e're we think, w'are in a safe condition,
 By nothing more, than a strict Inquisition:
 Examine well your *hearts*, and *search* your *mind*,
 Sins with *Granadoes chequer'd*, there you'l find.
 W'are *Traytors* to our selves; our *Lusts* conspire,
 The *City* new Rebuilt to set on fire:
 Zeal for *Gods Glory*, let it burn but high,
 Destroying Flames will dwindle out and die:
 Whatever ills we suffer, be we sure,
Sin's the Disease, *Repentance* is the Cure.
 That we may then, *Popes Bulls* and *Plots* defie;
 That *Englands Church* may *haughty Romes* outvie:
 Let this our *Ark* in such a *Deluge Swim*,
 As may from *Weeping Eyes* o'reflow the *Brim*:
 The strongest *Guardians*, to assure our fears
 Of *Peters Successor*, are *Peters Tears*.

O N A

Fanatick Ropemaker.

R *Eligion* you put on, as *Knaves* their *Cloak*;
 To hide your *base designs*, you it *bespoke*:
 Thus we remember, how *Old Noll* did *Pray*,
 That unsuspected, *Charles* he might betray.
 In the *Lords Name*, 'tis known, begins all *Evil*;
 His *Livery* you wear, and serve the *Devil*:
 Witness your *heart* and *mouths flat contradiction*,
 By *Hell-bred lies*, *Truth* turning into *Fiction*:
 Witness poor *Orphans*, hook't into your *Net*,
 And then devour'd with greedy *Appetite*:
 But, *my good friend*, be sure *such Meat* will *choak you*,
 And *Justice* both from *God & Man* will *smoak you*.
 Witness the cheating *Practice* in your *Trade*,
 And selling *Ocum* when for *Ropes* you're paid.

He

He that vents rotten *Cables* 'gainst all *Law*,
Iniquity with *Cart-Ropes* needs must draw.
 The *Pilot* now may justly fear the *Port*,
 And *Rocks* and *Storms* in open *Ocean* court:
 But could I dip my *Pen* in *Gall* and *Rancour*,
(*Anchor*:
 I'de scratch this *Knave*, makes *Ships* unsafe at
 The *Knave* that's *Fool* too, one of *fortunes* minions,
 A *Hypocrite*, halting betwixt two *Opinions*:
 Unheard of *Villain*, forsook and left i'th' *lurch*,
 Both by the *Devils-Chappel*, and *Gods Church*.
New-England too (that last and known retreat
 Of all the *Brethren* of the *Holy Cheat*)
 You have abus'd, they'l banish you, and *Swear*,
 Th' *Artificer's* as rotten as his *Ware*.
 If then no *Place* nor *Party* him receive,
 He's ripe for *Tyburn*, that's not fit to live;
 Where when he's *Hang'd*, he may have some
(small hope,
 To swing in one of's *Own*, and crack the *Rope*.

To

TO THE
LADY JANE LEVISON GOWER,

AND

Mrs. CATHERINE NEWPORT,

each giving him Six pence.

TWO Ladies here me *Sixpence* gave a piece;
I valued each above the *Golden Fleece*:
In *One* I made a hole, about my Neck
Designing it to wear, to give a check
To *Bedlam Spirits*, and to charm *Mad-Devil*,
As *Angel Gold* is us'd, to heal *Kings-Evil*:
T'other I bow'd, to take the faster hold;
Yet *Both* slipt through my *fingers*, as doth *Gold*:
My *Riches* fled away on *Eagles Wing*,
And for the *Honey* in *Carcase* left their *Sting*:
But courage take, *Jackstraw*; the *bands* (I'm sure)
That for thy *Wound* made way, can give thee *Cure*.

H

To

To a Friend, upon his sending him *Venison* to
B E D L A M.

IF like be fed by like, what better meat
Can *Horn Mad*, wild as *Buck*, then *Venison* eat
Sir, this *Philosophy* you understood,
And sent a *Hanch* to be our *Bedlam* food:
Accordingly we it, for such like reason,
Did, 'cause *Hot-beaded*, well with *Pepper* season
Madness and *Wit* then, being all one (o'th' place
Sir *Quack*) much *Salt* made proper in the *Cass*
And the truth is, *Deer* must be *Diet* fit
For *Horn-Mad* equally, and nimble *Wit*:
The *Vertue* I feel, and this experience gain,
Venison i'th' *Blood* swells the *Poetick Vein*.
Now *Doc* and *Pot*, those *whiffling Curs*, in couple
That always *Hunt*, I'll keep at bay and bubble
For *Goat* and *Venison* differ so small a matter,
That *Buck* will lusty make my *Bedlam Satyre*,
And (when with *Rope* Sir *Quack* has cur'd the smart
My *Brisk Lampoon*, survive the long-liv'd *Han*

Presented to the Right Honourable
EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq;

His ever Honoured Master.

When *unfledg'd Orator, & Tongue but weaker,*
 For *Secretary* chose by *Mr. Speaker,*
 I *straitway* got the *knack* of *better talking,*
 And from *Clarks desk,* to *Pulpit* must be *walking:*
 For not *per saltum* taken is *Degree,*
 When of a *Scribe,* you're made a *Pbarisee.*
Would you then know, how *Clark* became a *Teacher,*
 And how the *Speaker's* man starts up a *Preacher;*
 My *Master's Spring,* some drops on me *distills,*
 And in his *Ink* I dipt my *Infant Quills.*

His Petition to Mr. Speaker.

A Man of *Sense* in *Bedlam,* I recount
 Among our *Grievances,* or *Tant-amount:*
 To *Rescue* me, then *Serjeant* send at *Armes;*
 The *Circle* in the *Crown,* *Mad-Devil* charms:
 And *Man* in *Moon,* so fure his *Busb* at *Back,*
 Must fall by *Mace,* as *fire* by *Malaga Sack.*

On his mistaking the Name

O F

Sir Gabriel Silvius,

Presented to his Lady.

SIr *Gabriel* I mistaking, call Sir *George*;
 And of an *Angel*, thus a *Saint* do forge:
 Sure Jealous, lest you (at our Saviours Birth
 Being of the *Quire* of those that Sang on *Earth*)
 Do from us *Mortals*, when you *Mount* and *Sing*,
 Your *Lady* steal away upon your *Wing*.
 Such Flight me robs of *Soul*, and what I am,
 More plainly must discover then my *Name*.
 Our Life and *Bliss* secure then, lest we die,
 Stay long on *Earth*, and late to *Heaven* flie.
 But let me still you *Englands* *Champion* call,
 As *Omen* of the *Beast's* and *Dragon's* fall.

*The Poet's modest and reasonable Expostulation, with
the non-Infallible Pope of the Lunatiques, on be-
half of the sober Parson, hitherto mistaken, and
misjudged by Religio Medici.*

*Humbly Presented to the Worshipful, the Treasurer, and other the Ga-
vernors of the Hospital of Bethlem.*

A Pollo, God and Father, you and I
Own, both in *Physick* and in *Poetry*:
Brother, because *Lampoon'd*, what do you mean
A Son of *Phæbus* Lunatick to feign?
Guilty, the *Verdict* of a City Jury
Can bring him in, but of *Poetick Fury*,
Whereof necessity must guilt abate,
For he, all madness, pleads, is kin to Fate:
Since then, *right Reason* says, he can't forego it,
Condemn his *Fury*, but discharge the *Poet*.

Doctor, I am (no ways, as worth *Remarque* is,
Your Patient, but) Your humble Servant, Carkeffe.

Mr.

Mr. Dr. Mr. D-

While I 'gainst Keepers Tyranny Rebel,
 And with the *thought* of *Mad-quacks* Poison swell;
 He gives it out, that he my *head* can Cure,
 But my proud *heart* from *Physick* is secure:
 Pray then take heed, *Sir Tinker Chirurgion Quack*,
 Lest mending one, you may another Crack;
 For I, whilst you prescribe so like a Fool,
 My own *Wit* more admire, and you at *School*
 Expect among my *Boyes*, by *Rod* and *smart*,
 To learn, though late, the *Rudiments* of *Art*.
 I find that my old *School-Boy* cannot spell,
 Nor *Satyre* from familiar *Satan* smell:
 This makes the *Child*, for *Poet*, read *Possess*
 (A *Boy* well *taught*, might better sure have *quest*)
 This *Owl* no *difference* makes 'twixt *Sun & Moon*,
 And calls at *Random*, *Lunacy*, my *Lampoon*.
 Thus then the *School-Master* the case does put;
 You *Jugular* lance, he'l you o'th' *Simples* cut.

The

T H E

Founders Intention.

HEnry the Eighth this Hospital Erected,
Madmen to Cure, with Lunacy Infected:
 But *Anger*, a short *Madness* call'd, and *Passion*
 Here to arraign was ne're th'intent nor *fashion*:
 This kind in *Porter* and in *Keepers* raigns,
 And they should wear, who *fasten* on our *chains*:
 This to be cur'd at *Bedlam*, were it meant,
 It's *Doctor* should be his own *Patient*;
 Who, if in truth he be both *Fool* and *Knave*,
 For saying so, shall I be kept a *Slave*?
 Is't *Lunacy* to call a *spade*, a *spade*?
 And, *Ladies*, tell me, in your *Masquerade*,
 Are wit and senses lost? or doth this follow,
 When *Poetry* is given by *Apollo*?
Short-sighted Friends, and *Madquack* too, beware,
 For your *Mad Poet* can with safety Swear,

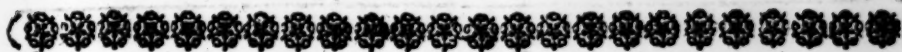
Design

Design procur'd him in this *Bay* a birth,
 To puzzle, and make you all his *Muses* m.
 I must confess, what e're's absurd, and wide
 Of truth, by *Bedlam* may be justify'd;
 But that its *Doctor* these *Conclusions* makes;
 For *Lunacy*, *Lampoon* and *Satyre* takes:
 To say no more, his case is very sad;
 Such a great *A--* can ne're hope to be *Mad*.

T H E
 Porter, a Prince.

A *N Hogan Mogan* State we justly call,
 The *Governors* of *Bedlam* Hospital;
 For *Orange* they elect *Prince Porter Blue*
 (*Trueman* and *Knave* in grain, are of one hue)
 The *Gentlemen* their *Servant* him suppose;
 But he's their *Head*, and leads them by the *Nose*.
 This *Loyal Hollands* common prayer must be:
 May our *Nassau* be absolute, as *He*.

To



O N

Mrs. Moniments

Giving him a Visit at *Bedlam*.

HEaring, that *There* was one, at sight,
 Her *Praise* or *Epitaph*, could *Write*,
Carkeffe to Visit with intent,
 From *Charing-Cross* came *Moniment*:
 In such a *Tomb* I chuse to lie,
 And yield up *Ghost* before I *Die*:
 She's *Kind*, not *Proud*; as *Both* are faire,
 To *Niobe* I her compare;
 To *Niobe*, while *Flesh* and *Bone*,
 Not her own *Moniment* of *Stone*;
 For 'twould be her true *Lovers* loss,
 Were either *Marble* she, or *Cross*.

I

To

To his Friends, that gave in Security, according to
the Custome of the Hospital.

A Publican and Stocking-Factor joyn,
In Bethlem Hospital me to confine.
'Tis pleasant to observe, how both these tend,
By differing circumstances, to one end:
Clark of the Rates, Error in casting makes,
And for a Fraction, my crackt Brain mistakes;
The Hosier (fancying a Warehouse full)
Conceits, my scatter'd Wits do gather Wool:
But Poet, Lunatick, is ill reckoned;
And Man's a Man, but with a Hose on's Head.
Then his mistake each to correct had best,
One in Account, t'other in's Interest;
And Paper-Fetters to withdraw, take pains;
For Bridewel Bonds give strength to Bedlam Chains.

On the late
P L O T.

P*eter thou art, and on this Rock, my Church
I'll Build, says Christ: Interpreters i'th' lurch
This Text has left, and puzl'd in every Age,
E're since our Saviour went off the Stage:
Thousands of Souls on it, alas! have split,
By their own Folly, or others too much Wit:
On these words, rackt by Jesuite and Pope,
Their followers falsly ground their faith & hope:
On this foundation their late Plot did stand;
But thanks to heaven, that turn'd the Rock to Sand:
That all their high-built hopes has thrown to th'
(ground,
And Babel-Builders fitter Mansions found:
Peter himself (spight of their Wit and Power)
Huggs Cloud, for Juno; for this Rock, the Tower.*

Dr. Titus Oates,

Anagramma,

Testis Ovat.

Dicite, Jo Pæan! & Jo, bis dicite, Pæan!

Incidit in casses Itala Turba suos.

Per Titum Solymæa jacent, heu! Tempia; ruinam

A Tito expectes Vindice, Roma, tuam.

Testis Ovat, læto canit omine Musa; Britannis

Vberior (spes est) indè Triumphus eat.

England, Rejoyce; see fal'n into the Pit

Digg'd by himself, the subtle Jesuite.

Titus destroy'd Jerusalem; and Rome

Her self, from Titus, may expect her doom.

Grow, Titus Oates, and thriving in this Land,

A Promise of our future Triumph, stand.

F I N I S.

